

NOBODY'S MAN:—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Andrew Tallente, political leader, has married for money. His wife accepted him for his money and nothing to a title. She has a cold and selfish temper, and even is interested in his secretary, Anthony Palliser, who has just disappeared. She has a sudden suspicion that her husband is responsible for the disappearance. Lady Jean Harrington, a beautiful and wealthy aristocrat interested in labor problems, is a neighbor who interests Andrew greatly. Andrew has mistaken her for the politician's wife, and some argument with Palliser on the edge of a cliff has struck him. The secretary fell over. Andrew is kept under observation by Inspector Gilman, the self-sacrificing Labor Party leader, with Miller, a coarse-grained radical, and Nora Miall, a charming and brilliant feminist leader, offer Tallente the Premiership. He joins their party, ignoring inducements of Harlock, the Premier in office. His refusal of a peerage causes his wife to threaten divorce. Nora Miall explains to him the philosophy of the new party.



I hope that even at the eleventh hour you were recast.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XIV

TALLENTE met the Prime Minister walking in the park early on the following morning. The latter had established the custom of walking from Knightsbridge to the park, where his car deposited him, to Marble Arch and back every morning, and it had come to be recognized as his desire, and a part of the etiquette of the place, that he should be allowed this exercise without receiving even the recognition of a passerby. On this occasion, however, he took the initiative, stopped Tallente and invited him to talk with him.

"I thought of writing to you, Tallente," he said. "I cannot bring myself to believe that you were in earnest on Wednesday morning."

"Absolutely," the other assured him. "I have an appointment with Dartyree on Friday morning."

The Prime Minister was shocked and pained.

"You will dig your own grave," he declared. "The idea is perfectly scandalous. You propose to sell your political birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I am afraid I can't agree with you, sir," Tallente regretted. "I am at least as much in sympathy with the program of the Democratic Party as I am with yours."

"In that case," was the somewhat stiff rejoinder, "there is, I fear, nothing to be said."

There was a brief silence. Tallente would have been glad to make his escape, but found no excuse.

"When we beat Germany," Harlock ruminated, "the man in the street thought that we had insured the peace of the world. Who had dreamed that a nation who had played such a heroic part, which had imperiled its very existence for the sake of a principle, was all the time rotten at the core?"

"I will challenge you to repeat that statement in the House or any public platform, sir," Tallente objected. "The present state of discontent throughout the country is solely owing to the shocking financial mismanagement of every Chancellor of the Exchequer and lawmaker since peace was signed. We won the war and the people who had been asked to make heroic sacrifices were simply expected to continue them afterward as a matter of course. What chance has the man of moderate means had to improve his position, to save a little for his old age, during the last ten years? A third of his income has gone in taxation and the cost of everything is fifty per cent more than it was before the war. And we won it, mind. That is what he can't understand. We won the war and found ruin."

"Legislation has done its best," the Prime Minister said, "to assist in the distribution of capital."

"Legislation was too slow," Tallente

answered bluntly. "Legislation is only sort. I think that when their time comes, they will try to all of us to govern this country from the loftiest possible standard."

The Prime Minister completed his walk, the enjoyment of which Tallente had entirely spoiled. He held out his hand a little pettishly, "is the one career in which men seldom recover from their mistakes. I hope that even at the eleventh hour you will regret it. It will be a grief to all of us to see you slip away from the reputable place."

The Right Honorable John Augustus Harlock stepped into his motorcar and drove away. Tallente, after a glance at his watch, called a taxi and proceeded to keep his appointment at Demos House, the great block of buildings where Dartyree had established his headquarters. In the large, open waiting room where he was invited to take a seat he watched with interest the faces of the passers-by. There seemed to be visitors from every class of the community. A Board of Trade official was there to present some figures connected with the industry which he represented. Half a dozen operatives, personally conducted by a local leader, had traveled up that morning from one of the great manufacturing centers. A well-known writer was there, waiting to see the chief of the literary section. Tallente found his period of detention all too short. He was summoned in to see Dartyree, who welcomed him warmly.

"Sit down, Tallente," he invited. "We are both of us men who believe in simple things and direct action. Have you made up your mind?"

"I have," Tallente announced. "I have broken finally with Harlock. I have told him that I am coming to you."

Dartyree leaned over and held out both his hands. The spiritual side of his face seemed at that moment altogether in the ascendant. He welcomed Tallente as the head of a great religious order might have welcomed a novice. He was full of dignity and kindness as well as joy.

"You will help us to set the world to rights," he said. "Alas! that is only the phrase, but you will help us to let in the light. Remember," he went on, "that there may be moments of discouragement. Much of the material we have to use, the people we have to influence, the way we have to travel, may seem sordid, but the light is shining there all the time, Tallente. We are not politicians. We are deliverers."

It was one of Dartyree's rare moments of genuine enthusiasm. His visitor forgot for a moment the businesslike office with its row of telephones, its shelves of blue books and masses of papers. He seemed to be breathing a new and wonderful atmosphere.

"I am your man," Dartyree, he promised simply. "Make what use of me you will."

Dartyree smiled, once more the plain, kindly man of affairs.

"Descend, then," very much to the earth," he said, "tonight you must go to Bradford. Odames will resign tomorrow. This time," he added, with

a little smile, "I think I can promise you the Democratic support and a very certain election."

BOOK TWO

CHAPTER I

Tallente found himself possessed of a haunting, almost a morbid feeling that a lifetime had passed since last his car had turned out of the station gates and he had seen the moorland unroll itself before his eyes. There was a new fragrance in the autumn air, an unaccustomed scantiness in the herbage of the moor and the low hedges growing from the top of the stone walls. The glory of the heather had passed, though here and there a clump of brilliant yellow gorse remained. The telegraph posts, leaning away from the wind, seemed somehow scanted; the road stretched between them, lonely and desolate. From a farmhouse in the bosom of the tree-hung hills lights were already twinkling, and when he reached the edge of the moor, and the sea spread itself out almost at his feet, the shapes of the passing steamers, with their long trail of smoke, were blurred and uncertain. Below, his home field, his well-enclosed patch of kitchen garden, the long, low house itself, like a piece of heaven, a child's playbox stretched out upon the carpet. Only tonight there was no mist. They made their cautious way downward through the clearest of darkening atmospheres. From after the hills as they dropped down, they could hear the music of an occasional sheep bell. Rabbits scurried away from the headlights of the car, and an early owl flew hovering over their heads.

Tallente, tired with his journey, perhaps a little worn with the excitement of the last two months, found something dark and a little lonely about the unoccupied house, something a little dreary in his solitary dinner and the long evening spent with no company save his books and his pipe. Later on, his eyes for long awake, watching the twilight flash out across the Channel and listening to the melancholy call of the owls as they swept back and forth across the lawn to their secret abodes in the cliffs, when at last he slept, however, he slept soundly.

An unlooked-for gleam of sunshine and the dull roar of the incoming tide breaking upon the beach below woke him the next morning long after his usual hour. He bathed, shaved in front of the open window, and breakfasted with an absolute renewal of his fuller interest in life. It was not until he had sent back the car in which he had driven as far as the station, and was swinging on foot across Wool-hanger Moor, that he realized fully why he had come, why he had schemed for these two days out of a life packed with multifarious tasks. Then he laughed at himself, heartily yet a little self-consciously. A fool's errand might yet be a pleasant one, even though his immediate surroundings seemed to mock the sound of his mirth. Wool-hanger Moor in November was a drear enough sight. There were many patches of black mud and stagnant water, carpets of lichen-heron-looking green moss, bare clumps of bushes bent all one way by the northwest wind, masses of rock, gaunter and sterner now that their summer covering of creeping

shrubs and bracken had lost their foliage. It was indeed the month of desolation. Every scrap of color seemed to have faded from the dripping wet landscape. Phantasmal clouds of gray mist bopped here and there in the hollows. The distant hills were wreathed in vapor, so that even the green of the pastures was invisible. Every now and then a snipe started up from one of the weedy places with his shrill, mournful cry, and more than once a solitary hawk hovered for a few minutes above his head. The only other sign of life was a black speck in the distance, a speck which came nearer and nearer until he paused to watch it, standing upon a little incline and looking steadily along the rude cart track. The speck grew in size. A person on horseback—a woman! Soon she swung her horse around as though she recognized him, jumped a little dike to reach him the quicker and reined up her horse by his side, holding one hand down to him.

To be continued tomorrow
Copyright, 1922, Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Find 600 Pennies Stolen in 1904
Johnstown, Pa., June 29.—(By A. P.)—Six hundred pennies, taken July 30, 1904, when robbers secured the \$3000 payroll of the Puritan Coal Company near Portage, after killing Driver Charles Hays and badly wounding Mine Superintendent Patrick Campbell, were found yesterday by some boys a mile and a half from the scene of the hold-up and murder and were identified by Mr. Campbell.

A \$6,000,000 STAKE
"Can the treasure in the hold of the Lusitania be recovered? Captain Lewis will leave it can, and is planning to go down 80 feet in a diving vessel. His hopes and plans are described in an interesting article in the Magazine Section of the Sunday Trade Edition. 'Make it a Habit'—Adv.

THAT HAPPY ENDING!
You're bound to have one ON THE FOURTH
If you read aloud from **Through the Shadows** By Cyril Alington
A new novel
"Guaranteed to provide amusement."
—N. Y. Herald.
\$1.75
At all bookstores or from **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**
64-66 Fifth Ave., New York

As a Condiment and for Seasoning—
Use French's Cream Salad Mustard

If you have trouble in getting salads, sauces and savories to taste just right, **French's Cream Salad Mustard** will be a great help.

It's a prepared mustard in mustard-making has made different. Your taste will tell.

Many uses are explained in the little brochure packed in carton with bottle and paddle. Try them.

Made only by **The R. T. French Company**
Rochester, N. Y.
Philadelphia Office
213 S. Front St.



July Fourth Meat Specials at the MARKET STREET BEEF CO.

BEEF, PORK, LAMB, SMOKED HAMS & BACON

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday

Regular Hams or Skin Back Hams whole or cut in half **25c**
Smoked Beef Tongues, something fine **25c** lb.

Picnic Shoulders or Picnic Hams **15c** lb.
Bacon by the Strip or Slice. Get It As You Like It **20c** lb.
Legs of Milk Fed Veal for Roasting **15c** lb.
Rumps or Shoulders of Milk Fed Veal **15c** lb.
Pin Bone, Rump or Bolar Roasts of Beef **15c** lb.

Breasts of Milk Fed Veal for Stewing or Roasting **3** lbs. **10c**
Fried Lean Beef for Soup or for Stewing **3** for **10c**

Specials in Smoked Lunching Meat for the Fourth of July Picnic

Finest Half Smokes in the City **10c** lb.
Best Ham Bologna or Beef Bologna. Special **10c** lb.
Finest Country Style Lunch Roll **25c** lb.
Best Meat Loaf Money Can Buy **25c** lb.
Lebanon Bologna. None Better Made **20c** lb.

Oleo or Nut Margarine. The Finest Kind Made **3** lbs. **50c**

MARKET STREET BEEF CO.
5221 Market St. 5939 Market St.
Open Next Monday Evening Until 9:30 o'clock on account of being closed all day the 4th.
Open every Friday and Saturday Evening Until 9 o'clock.

AMERICAN STORES CO. AMERICAN STORES CO. AMERICAN STORES CO.

Nature's Gate is Open

July 4th, our great national holiday, has come to be a day of picnics. And it is a safe and sane way of spending the day.

Pay a visit to Nature. Her front gate is open, and you will find her on her porch, radiant in all her beauty, donned in the gownshop of June.

Get the folks together, from little Willie to dear old Grandma, and get out in God's pure sunshine. Let us help you with your picnic. We have a big assortment of everything needed to make your outing luncheon a wonderful success.

Our Stores Will Be Closed Tuesday, July 4th
OPEN MONDAY EVENING UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK

Good Things for Your Picnic Basket

Uneda Biscuit pkg **5c**
All 5c packages of N. B. C. cakes reduced to 4c.

Rich Creamy Cheese lb **21c**
You will want an extra pound for the picnic basket. Very fine quality.

Waxed Lunch Paper roll **3c**
Red Meats can **5c**, **10c**
Paper Napkins (pkg of 24) **5c**
Asco Peanut Butter tumbler **9c**
Temor Strawberry Preserves jar **20c**
Princess Salad Dressing bot **21c**
Asco White Distilled Vinegar bot **12c**

Asco Sarsaparilla bot **10c**
Asco Ginger Ale bot **10c**
Asco Soft Beer bot **10c**
Asco Grape Juice pt bot **23c**
Tasty Apple Sauce can **15c**
Harvester Apple Butter can **15c**
Kraft's Cheese tin **12 1/2c**

Reg. 7c tumbler Mustard cut **5c**
Reg. 12c jar Asco Mustard cut to **10c**
Makes good things taste even better.

Asco Cider Vinegar bot **16c**
Calif. Tuna Fish can **10c**, **15c**
Cooked Corned Beef big can **23c**
Juicy Lemons doz. **35c**
Asco Cream Mints **25c**
Fancy Lemon Drops lb **25c**
Jelly Drops **25c**

Best Pink Salmon tall can **12c**
Red Alaska Salmon can **25c**
Stuffed Olives bot **12c**, **22c**
Strober's Olives bot **10c**, **20c**
Asco Pork & Beans can **9c**
Strober's Pickles can **10c**
Pure Jellies glass **10c**
Salt and Pepper Shakers each **7 1/2c**

Asco Sliced Dried Beef **13c**
Packed in dust-proof containers. Very nice for sandwiches.

N. (Chocolate Fingers) lb **29c**
C. Fireside
C. Coconut Jumbles, lb. **21c**

Reg. 29c can California PEACHES
cut **25c**
Big luscious fruit, picked in all their ripeness and packed in a rich sugar syrup. A most enjoyable dessert these days.

Victor Bread Big Loaf **6c**
The big sandwich loaf. Always popular for picnics.

Victor Raisin Bread loaf **10c**
Ever try toasted Raisin Bread?

Gold Seal Flour 12-lb bag **55c**
The folks are waiting for that Raspberry Shortcake you promised them.

Baker's Grated Coconut can **15c**
Asco Seedless Raisins pkg **12 1/2c**
Pure Vanilla Extract bot **12c**, **22c**
Asco Oleomargarine lb **22c**
Marshmallow Whip pkg **18c**, **22c**

12-inch Flags each **5c**
(6 for 25c)
24-inch Flags, each 10c
Be sure to show your colors on the Fourth.

Gorton's Codfish Cakes can **15c**
Gorton's Clam Chowder can **12c**
Fancy Wet Shrimp can **15c**
Asco Breakfast Bacon pkg **17c**

Loquilla Butter lb **45c**
Taste it!
When you taste Loquilla Butter for the first time you will admit that you never knew butter could be so good.

Richland Butter lb **42c**
Pure creamery prints. Big value.

Don't forget to take along enough hard-boiled eggs for your picnic.

Fresh Country EGGS doz **28c**
Twelve good ones in every dozen.

Gold Seal EGGS carton of twelve **33c**
The pick of the nests.

ASCO Coffee lb **29c**
One of the reasons for the delicious flavor of Asco Coffee is that it is a combination of high-grade coffees; another is the secret blend. Try a cup—you'll taste the difference!

ASCO Teas 1/4-lb pkg **12c**
1/2-lb pkg 23c; 1-lb pkg 45c
Asco Orange Pekoe and India Ceylon are best for Iced Tea.
Three other delightful blends—Old Country Style, Black and Mixed.

ASCO Evaporated Milk tall can **9c**
Better than cream for your coffee.

Meat Specials in Our Sanitary Meat Markets

Whole Cut Chuck Roast lb **9c** Boneless Pot Roast lb **12c**

Milk-Fed Chickens lb **35c**
Roasting, Frying, Broiling

Genuine City Dressed Spring Lamb

Breast lb **12c** Neck lb **15c**
Shoulders lb **25c** Legs of Lamb lb **38c** Rack lb **22c**
Rib Chops lb **38c** Loin Chops lb **45c**

Sugar-Cured, Hickory-Smoked Hams

Little Pig Skin Back
Large Skin Back Slicing
Small, Lean Regular **Hams** lb **33c**

Delicacies Ready to Eat

Lebanon Bologna	Cooked Corned Beef	Thuringer Style Summer Sausage	Cooked Luncheon Roll
whole or half pieces lb 17c	1/2 lb 12c	whole or half pieces lb 25c	1/4 lb 12c
Sliced Cold Boiled Ham	1/4-lb 20c	Swift's Premium Cooked Lamb Tongues	Small Jars 50c each Large Jars 70c each

These prices effective in our Phila., Camden and suburban Stores and Meat Markets

ASCO ASCO ASCO

THE Packard Twin-Six is recognized as a superior car which performs in a superior way. There is a firmness and steadiness and sureness in its every action that far outreaches any ordinary car's limitations.

Driving the Packard Twin-Six, one has the agreeable feeling that this great car could carry him tirelessly onward forever.

The powerful, perfectly balanced engine goes on quietly turning up mileage month after month without the slightest perceptible wear.

The Twin-Six Touring, \$3850 at Detroit

Immediate Deliveries

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of PHILADELPHIA
319 North Broad Street

PACKARD
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE